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Winter Love Story



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Chapter 1 by dialupnoise

Winters in Canada tended to be brutal, especially at the beginning of the year. January had arrived following the excitement of the holidays, leaving most feeling a bit hollow as they returned to the monotony of their everyday lives. This wasn't the case for everyone though. Some find something much bigger to focus on after the gifts have been opened and the candles burned low; they happened to be more lucky than most, or so they thought.

Chapter 2 by Li'l Metres



Christine, an eighteen year old 12th standard girl was one of those couple of people who has something bigger to focus on. She passed her boards with flying colors and was admitted to a college in her city.

Like all other college freshers, she was very much excited for her college life. It was a much awaited phase of her life that was going to commence soon.

Chapter 3 by Cara Shaw



When she moved into her dorm, all she could do was stay out of it. She wanted to explore, to adventure, to live

She came from a small town, not far from here, but all she could do when she was growing up was to think about getting out. Getting out to do amazing things. To climb to amazing heights. To be the

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It hasn't yet been the first day, but next week I get to start. Start a new life, a new way of thinking, and a new way of living. New, new, new is all I can think. Though I want to explore all over, I am somewhat shy. Somewhat quiet. Somewhat of a wallflower. I prefer to be a quiet adventurer. Well, that's what dad would say. Dad always supported me, through thick and thin. We are basically two peas in a pod, and mom all the more supports it. I love her, but I have a different, closer relationship with dad.

"Hello! Sorry I'm late, ran into some traffic and totally got lost!" Elisabeth quickly spurted out as she flew into her seat across the table from me at the coffee shop. She's always been somewhat of a spaz. "You forgot, didn't you?" I say with a slight smirk in the tone of my voice. "Well, you know me" she winks. "So, do you care to tell me why we're here?" She asks with growing curiosity. "Oh-Ah yes, well, uh, I want your feedback on this car. It's very cozy, and it has a pretty good engine so it hopefully won't die in these climates." I quickly show her a picture I have on my phone. She takes the phone and studies the car, flipping from picture to picture.

I don't care whether she likes that car.

The real reason I'm here is to talk about her boyfriend. The horrible, lazy, rude, slob of a man he is. His name is Wren, and he weighs 300 pounds. I would like him, if he was on time, took care of himself, stopped drinking, and stopped beating her. I am her best friend, I need to tell her these things- right? It's my place? It won't turn our friendship into a dying mess of a goo?

"Listen, I know you feel like you have to go out in the world or whatever, but you don't need to get a brand-new car. You could still rent my parents car, they love you-you know."

"Listen, the real reason I wanted to meet you today was..."

Chapter 4 by Ella Jussen-Larouche



... Because of your boyfriend " I quickly stated afraid of her reaction. She doesn't like it when I don't mind my own business. (her words exactly) "Why? He's been ... perfect ... He ... He ... loves me " She stuttered. What was wrong with her she's usually so upbeat. "Did he tell you that or do you just assume it by the way he treats you " I was angry. He does NOT love her. Elisabeth started crying. I was taken away and quickly moved to her side to hug and sooth her. "What's wrong?" I whispered. "I can't take it anymore Christine! He's not perfect everything that I told

you is false. He beats me up, he drinks and I just can't help me, please..." Her crying and screaming had made us the center of attention. I was so embarrassed. Wanting more privacy I stood up, Elisabeth crying on my shoulder.

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I watched her leave the coffee shop. Her friend had put up quite of a tantrum. I hope she can help her. I watched the most beautiful girl I've ever seen walk away. Why am I letting her get away? Because I am shy, simple as that. I hope she'll come back someday. "Hey Tom, When your done cleaning the counter take care of table 5, the man sitting there requested you " Nate, my coworker, told me. I nooded and turned my head to see who it was. I immediately recognized him.

Chapter 5 by Chloe Shaw



"Hey, Tom! How's it goin', son?"

It was my father.

I was paralyzed in shock and started to stutter.

"D-dad? Wha-what are you d-doing here?"

My father had left me and my mom about half a year ago and we hadn't heard from him. Until now.

"Well, son," he said, staring into my eyes with that candid smile of his. "I came for the awesome donuts!"

Ha, yeah right.

"Um, sure, uh, coming right up," I say, trying to hold back the slight anger that was starting to build up inside of me.

I walk over to the donut rack and slide open the door. Grabbing the powdered donut with the least amount of sugar, I sneak a glance in my father's direction.

His smile was gone.

He was glaring at me with so much hatred that I had to look away. Wrapping the donut up, I walk over to his table, saying, "That'll be seven \$7.35, sir."

His smile was back and he said under his breath, "Tom, I gotta talk, meet me in the library in 10 minutes?"

"Sure, Dad," I say, faking my own smile in return.

Chapter 6 by Lily Among Thorns



I left his table to assist another customer who'd just come in. After I'd taken their order, I looked up and saw my dad leave. Why he would leave without saying anything to me, I don't know. As I considered this, I went over and slid open the door on my left, pulling out this dark chocolate covered doughnut. I hurried over to my father's table, handing him the doughnut. "Here, Dad, I have the money and I have him the doughnut. Then I walked over to Nate,

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"Hey, Nate," I said approaching him.

"Yeah?" he asked his usual big smile that spread across his freckled face.

"Could you cover for me. 15 minutes or so? My uh dad wants to talk to me."

"Yeah, sure man. Is everything ok?" he asked, placing a reassuring arm on my shoulder. I guess he could see the uneasiness in my eyes.

"Yeah, thanks." With that, I left. I walked down the street. I turned and stopped in front of the Library. Cold hard steps and large glass doors stared down at me. I slowly walked up to the library.

As I entered the library, rows of books spread out before me. A desk was to my right. Directly in front of me was open space with chairs, tables, and computers.

I saw my father at the other end of the library in a corner sitting at a table. Slowly I approached him. His arms crossed over his broad chest and he sat with a foot crossed over his other leg. Seeing me approach, he stood up and came over to me.

"So son, how's life?" he asked with a fake smile.

"Uh fine," I replied.

"Listen, Bud," he said, inventing a nickname he'd never once before called me, "I'm in a little bit of a pinch. You know, need some extra bucks." he said in the most friendly manner he could.

"Dad, I can't. I still have to pay for college and some of Mom's medical bills."

"Come on, help out your old man. Just a couple hundred bucks."

"Dad, no. I mean you come all this way just to ask for some money? Really Dad?"

"Hey don't make me the mean guy, like your mother always did" he said as his voice grew more intense, "Just give me some money, alright Tom?"

Anger grew inside as I tried to hold it in. "Dad--"

"Just do it," he said in a threatening voice as he grabbed my shoulder.

"Ok," I said, pulling out three crisp hundred dollar bills. Guess I'd have to work some later shifts to buy that book for next semester's class.

"Thanks, Bud," he sarcastically said.

I sighed as he left the library. After slamming the chair back in place, I walked out of the library in long strides. I missed having a real father, yet anger grew for the dad I had.

I walked back into the shop and placed a small bill on my father's counter.

"Hey mind cleaning up Table 7 and 8?" he asked, looking at the counter as I walked in.

"Sure," replied.

I struggled to get through the door and I was late to study for a test.

I was completely oblivious to anything or anyone around me. I parked my car and threw my backpack over my shoulder. Then I walked across the snowy sidewalk, looking down at the

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ground. I should've known someone was there by the giggles of laughter, but I wasn't paying attention. I collided with another girl as the books stacked in her arms flew out across the sidewalk.

"I'm so sorry," I said, looking up to see that it was the girl from the coffee shop and blushed a little.

"Hey, it's fine," she replied with a bright smile
I bent down and helped her pick up her books.

"Uh, so what's your name?" I asked as I handed the books to her. I wasn't going to miss my chance this time.

"Christine," she replied.

"Oh, uh my name's Tom," I stumbled a little.

"Nice to meet you," she said, then turning to her side said, "This is my friend Elizabeth."

"Hey," she said with a quick wave.

"So, uh, where are you guys going?" he asked.

Chapter 7 by Chloe Shaw



His question echoed in my mind for a little while until I finally answered.

"Oh, we're headed to the campus library to study a little bit," I said, looking at his face. He looked nervous and a bit frazzled.

"Oh, great! I'm headed there too," he says, a smile stretching across his face. "I just have to grab something from my dorm room."

"Well, uh, see you there, I guess," I say, waving as I walk away.

"Ummmm, CHRISTINE!" Elizabeth suddenly yells. I freak out and almost drop my coffee.

"What? What is it, what's wrong?" I say, turning around with a worried expression on my face.

"That was TOTALLY, like, a true love meeting circumstance!" she squeals, grabbing my arm and pulling me towards the entrance of the campus library. I get dragged along until I find myself sitting at one of the library tables. Elizabeth is still ranting on and on about how Tom and I are meant to be.

"You guys have to see each other and you're gonna keep meeting each other in weird places

until you become best friends and then finally you kiss but then there's this weird tension between you and another guy so you break up and then you get together and then Tom freaks out and thinks you have a boyfriend and then you guys grow apart until one romantic night where you realize you love each other and then you kiss and love each other and then

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"ENOUGH ELIZABETH!" I finally yell. That results in a bunch of people shushing me.

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